

Sometimes arriving at the poem  
is like being processed thru a  
foreign customs check.

Imagine yourself disheveled  
chain smoking  
not having slept for two  
days. Imagine how you  
look to the impeccable  
soldier in  
shiny pattern leather.  
Imagine the cellophane bags  
of pure white powder  
in your satchel  
& then look out the  
window at the landscape  
sweeping up the slopes of  
perfect mountains.

Next  
the tap  
on your shoulder  
as you turn  
to answer  
questions  
you cannot  
imagine.

#### THE AGENT

The group is  
from Seattle &  
not drawing  
much of a crowd.

On the last night  
like magic  
their agent walks in.

I've got you  
booked for  
6 more weeks he  
tells them  
& orders them all a  
drink.

They are like children  
all around him,  
loving him.

#### A COUPLE OF FATSOES

Me & my wife  
we think & act like  
kids, always laughing &  
dancing &  
making love at all  
hours of the day,  
but lately we've been  
noticing our bellies,  
we pull up our shirts &  
frown down at them,  
& they get  
bigger all the time.

Just look at these  
bellies, she says,  
we're getting fat.

Then we get to laughing  
hug each other &  
dance around the room,  
our big bellies pressed  
together, two fatsoes  
on the rapid slide  
of life.

the stray cat  
not much bigger than the  
Calico's kittens  
swipes at them  
with her paw.

& the Calico  
lies quietly on her  
side some 3 feet away,  
her eyes burning  
holes into the  
action.